

## Crimson Liquid

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Summary: The thoughts and feelings if Harada ever took the Water of Life.

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**\*\*A/N: Just a little idea on how I think Harada would take the Water of Life~\*\***

Crimson liquid. It was supposed to heal anything. Bullshit. Water of Life? Why give it such a name if all it did was take your sanity away? But everyone, everyone he loves took it. Hijikata, Saito, Sanan, Heisuke, Okita. All of them. Did they take it just to live? Or was it just a pathetic excuse to be strong? The liquid didn't make you strong or alive. It made you a different person. It changes you.

Those thoughts poured into his mind as he looked down at the bottle which gently lay in his hand. Was he seriously thinking about it? Yes he was. It was a stupid idea. To drink it. Maybe this is how everyone else felt as they went to drink it. Hoping to be strong. He wanted to be stronger. Sanosuke Harada needed to be stronger so he can protect the people he loves.

But if he took it, then his dream. It would be gone. Wouldn't it? He would use up his life and turn into ash before he ever met the women of his dreams, before he ever got to have a beautiful child with her.

He also couldn't sit back and watch his friends fight at their fullest without even trying. The liquid used to make you lose your sanity instantly, he remembers first seeing the furys. The look in the mans eyes. Blood shot red. Attacking at everything. A lot has changed since then, you still lose your sanity but not like that.

Bloodlust was also another thing to consider. His fingers wrapped

themselves around the bottles lid. He couldn't stop himself. Take it to live or take it to be strong? Maybe the answer was both. Dying was always a terrifying thought and with this it would be more difficult to take him down. He could stop so many deaths.

Tilting the bottle to his lips he readied himself. This was the last time he was going to be like this. In a second everything was about to change. It was quick; he tossed the liquid into the back of his throat. It burned. The taste was disgusting, his heart pounded against his chest. The ground came closer. Fingers grabbing against the dirt in order to keep himself up.

Red hair turned white, yellow eyes turned red.

Now it was his turn to protect the people he loves. Was he going to regret this?

End  
file.